

Island might possibly be two islands, subsequent exploration has proved this to be the case.

different point from the southernmost point of the Prince of Wales archipelago on the map.

ing from 'the southernmost point of the island as it is to-day, while the United States are deriving from 'the southernmost point of the island' as it appeared on the map of Vancouver upon which the Convention in regard to the boundaries in 1825 based an agreement.

"The diplomatic history which led to the vexed question is as follows: In 1821 the Czar of Russia issued a ukase declaring that all the north Pacific Ocean from northern Japan on the Asiatic side to the present southern boundary of Alaska (Dixon entrance) was Russian territory.

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A map of the Gulf of Alaska region. The map shows the coastline of Alaska and the Gulf of Mexico. The text 'GULF OF ALASKA' is prominently displayed in the center. Below it, a horizontal line is labeled '56°'. To the right, the 'GULF OF MEXICO' is labeled. The 'STATE OF CALIFORNIA' and 'STATE OF TEXAS' are also labeled. The map includes various geographical features and place names, such as 'SEATTLE', 'PORTLAND', 'VANCOUVER', 'SITKA', and 'KETCHIKAN'.

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LABOR IN LATIN AMERICA  
THE OCCUPATIONS, PAY, AND CON-  
DITIONS OF THE PEONS

**Central American Brickmakers and Tile-makers—Dress, Houses, and Food—Sugar Factory on the Isthmus—How the Farmers Live—The Coffee Plantations—Independence of the Laboring People**

This is to tell some of the facts about the workmen—the peons—that were observed and may at any time be observed, by a traveler who will look without prejudice through the eyes of a foreigner. A Central American workman who thinks his lot, though not perfect is much better than that of any other workmen in the world, will find here something to think about. It is worth his while at least to consider what his standard of excellence is. His number is and to compare with the number of the United States the rubbering industries of Central America are so few in number that there are not many opportunities for direct comparison between workmen of kind in the two countries. But, for instance, if a man is a brickmaker, a cowboy, or a fawn laborer, or a boatman, or a house painter, or a distiller, or a hotel porter, or a street cleaner, will he lead a more desirable life where potatoes and apples grow and snow flies or in the shade of the palm and the orange and the banana? And those who for any reason

lifter who swings all day in his hammock leaving his wife to support the family, may find here something worth considering, also. The house may begin with brickmaking. Central New York has been famous for excellent bricks. The roofs are made of tiles of a semi-cylindrical form and the floors of square tiles, the art of making which is practically that of the brick makers of the Hudson River Valley. The first yard that I saw was in the woods between Lake Nicaragua and the Pacific Ocean. The first thing I began to see was a house and bogged on as far as a creaking all frame building with a roof frame above of slender poles, which had been sheeted over with the sort of cane used for fish poles in the United States. This done, he set to work to make tiles for the roof and the floor. A hole was dug in the ground near the house and the loam thrown out. The loam being as possible, then the clay beneath was removed, and then with a trowel and tempered with sand to suit the workmen, and then formed into half-round tiles by slapping a chunk down on a smooth slab about six inches in diameter. The log was then the shaper. The man formed the tile over it as a woman might shape a piece of raw pipe into a thin plate, pressing it to the thickness with her hands, and cutting it to the length desired with a wooden blade. There were a number of logs used for shapers, but when forty of the tiles had been formed the logs were full. This much done, the workmen retired to the shade to rest and meditate until the moist tiles set stiff enough to hold together when stood on end. When enough had been made, the hole was filled in and the tiles were piled back in the hole from which they came with a bed of wood beneath, and were then covered over with earth, with

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When I was concerned, this is the best kind of a house to move to the tropics. The wide verandas were covered with a thatched roof, and the air was cool and breezy. The furniture consisted of benches and hammocks only for seats and beds. The cooking was done by the women at an open fire under the back porch. When I asked the men if they had any money, they said they had, and that they were astonished to learn that they thought they might sometimes fare poorly, for their food consisted chiefly of corn bread, rice, boiled plantains, beef, eggs, and coffee. Every man had special clothing to wear on Sunday. They were very proud of their clothes, the tile workmen at their worst, because a job of tile work where there was a constant demand for their product. That is to say, they had to work on the tile work at the Hotel de Ville. Nearly all of the readers of THE SRS know the workmen in the New Jersey and Hudson River bridges. Their homes are army, blank-walled wooden houses that face the arid desert of the yard under the thatched roof. The houses are built so they have food that is sufficient in quantity to last for a year. They are very poor, but for the reason they are sent arid, "dressed in rags and an undershirt," as an observer at Philadelphia said.

The wages of the Central American bricklayer average \$25 cents a day, but he has all the other things of life.

The first cane mill and sugar factory that I was in the interior of the isthmus of Panama. The cane was cut close to the house. The mill was made of three vertical logs of wood that revolved together by means of wooden pegs that served as coys. A long rent pole was secured to one of the vertical pegs, and to the end of this two oxen were yoked. As they walked around the machine the cane passed between a set of rollers. The cane was between the rollers, and most of the juice was squeezed out, to run into a trough below.

always, look worthy of admiration. I am stirring up the people, great changes are making there.

"I have been in your country," said Gen. J. M. Azeiteiro, as we rode over the trail from Tanguatuba toward the Bay of Fonseca, "and I appreciate all the great luxuries of the country. I hope to live even long enough to see the luxuries in my own country, but I hope that the natural inclination of my people to be prostrate may not be wholly lost. I want to see newspapers and books in their hands—do you understand now?"

JOHN R. SPEARS.

OLD-TIME KENTUCKY ORATOR.

The Powerful Talk of Bates of the Green

From the *Courier-Journal*.

Speaking of the political campaign just closed, an observant gentleman said: "Perhaps there has been more political stump eloquence heard in Kentucky this campaign than ever before, and relatively as much as in 1860, when there were four electoral tickets before the people, and representatives of three of them actually on the stump. At the risk of being classed a frog, I must say that there is no such popular eloquence now as there was in the late sec. W. C. C. P. Breckinridge falls

short of Thomas F. Marshall, Senator Lindsay falls short of Elijah Hise, and Senator Blackburn falls short of William T. Willis. There were giants in those days, because there were occasions for them.

"But, speaking of stump speakers, I wish to relate an anecdote which has the merit of truth, if nothing else. It was in 1856. I believe the exact date is not important, for it was about that era—James P. Hales, then of Glasgow, and later of Bowling Green, made a tour of Kentucky, delivering speeches in advocacy of the Democratic cause. He was no ordinary

man: he possessed marvelous individuality, perfect idealism, a keen sense of justice, and superb mental and physical courage. The lines in his homely face were ironically expressive of the grand character he hid within. He most unobtrusively, and his tall, slender, and not ungraceful form rendered him conspicuous in any gathering. But his voice was the crowning endowment of Bates as an orator. It was magnetic, and the most inspiring imaginable.

"On the tour I speak of he had an appointment to speak at Harrodsburg, Mercer county, and handbills announcing the event had been distributed. He resided at Harrodsburg an intense Whig. Thomas Martin, who had formerly

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He rode up to the tavern, and before he had dismounted, he saw a man who had heard it ever forgot it: "Tom Martin, how are you? I am glad to see you, for you are the best fellow in the county. I have drunk the best liquor. Martin was horrified, and they and he were convulsed with laughter and enjoyed the evening entertainment. He was then invited to dine by the landlady, and leading him to the hotel bar, where both took "hook-driving." He then went out and took a walk in the park, and then returned to the house inside, and had the best room in the house put in commission. Kate's shirt was changed, and she was dressed in a new one. He said she had a clean garment. He sent out for the town barber and had his friend decently shaved, and his clothes brushed, shoes polished, and at last dressed.

Kate complained of being very tired and anxious for an hour, rest, and was fast asleep. He then went to the door, and looking through his wardrobe. Martin went down stairs.

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was nominated was when his election was announced. He was in 1855, and his speeches were always known, so that they are yet lodged in the traditions of the old third district. He was elected to the Legislature, and then the Federal old State office of President of the Board of Internal Improvements was yet vacant. He was elected to it, because of a transcendent power on the stump. "After the war he was frequently a candidate for office; but a new generation had appeared, and he knew not Bates. His mind was unimpaired, and he was still full of life, and a great majority of the people of Kentucky of the Third district; but he was too blunt, too plain spoken, too little of a wire-puller to succeed in a Convention."

### HOW HE WON.

The Stroke of Genius that Gave a Well-known Reading Clerk His Place.

One of the interesting incidents at the opening session of a new Congress is the selection of the reading clerk of the House. The reading clerk is appointed by the Clerk of the House, but candidates for the place must take part in a competitive "speaking contest" before the House. John A. Reeve, who was reading clerk during Harrison's Administration, was a politician from Cairo, Ill., and one

the time. Reeve tells this story:

"I didn't suppose I had any show for the office when it came to the test," said he, "for six of the candidates were college men, and we were electioneers, while the only electioneer I ever practised was calling hogs in southern states, though I had been able to get up in a political meeting and rank the fellows on the seat next me; so I thought I would go to this contest anyhow, and do my best in my own way. But you ought to have heard him talk. He said, 'I don't care for you and I don't care for your party,' and he rolled them and hissed their 's's' and 'd's' and 't's' as a caution. Some of them didn't talk like

"By the time my turn came I had stazed up and down and knew just about where to throw my voice, and I determined to make the most of it and if I did nothing else. Each candidate received a copy of a House bill to read. I received 'Uh bill,' and so on. Now, I don't know if that won't carry, and you can't attract attention of the House by reading 'Uh bill' when they are all talking about 'Uh bill' and that was took them off their feet. I don't know. I don't know. They weren't used to that. I understood what had broken loose, but it was not such much then. I was on the track, so I went on singing, but I was as a bell, and when I got warmed up I

The thing they gave me to read was a terror. I was worried in it as long as a dictionary, but I carried up and read it through the night, and was surprised pretty well, when I looked down the page and saw a lot of Spanish prophecies. I didn't know Spanish from Apache, but I was able about a hundred words a minute, so I was learning as I went. I had learned some of a little German from a lady, and I was able to hang me if a man in that ball game. I was to show the difference, except Congressmen and Cardinals of St. Louis. You ought to see him laugh when he heard his name on the tongue of a Congressman. I was a native for Spanish.

Yes, I got the place, and it was the long time.

SONGS THE THING WHEN JIMMY  
CALLS ON MAMIE.

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His fears have passed by; the father is gray;  
his favorite has married and is living away;  
he is no longer a victim of his wife's spite,  
but he still remains a man who thought he was  
dead;

There's a false story, the husband is bad;  
our child is unhappy, he'll soon drive her mad.  
The mother, the father, the sister, the brother,  
and when he had read it he faintly away.

CHORUS.

Forlorn forgive me, I've been so long pained!  
Oh you take your daughter to your heart again!  
I don't know how I've missed you, rather than  
be dead!

O, please come and see me, were the words he read.  
I sat morose and quite alone for the train;  
at home he said he would fold to his heart once again;  
so at morning home, he starts up the stair.

The mother is pleased to hear him say,  
she steps quickly with anger, he reaches the floor.  
He comes down the stairs, she opens the door  
all crazy with rage, he kills with a chair  
the man who was dear to her hair.

CHORUS.

Then down upon the floor fell the faithful young wife,  
she lay there all day, she loved more my life.  
Life,

Mamie," she moaned, "I'm dying; you've broken my  
heart."

Amy and I were only rehearsing our part."

Mamie's pal, who works in the paper box fac-  
tory with her, may drop in during the evening,

“Yes, saying something,” says Barney’s wife, Mrs. Mary. “I don’t know what it is, but I’ll ask Jimmy if he knows ‘The Sunshine of Paradise Alley.’”

“Yes,” says Jimmy, beginning to play the melody. “First it’s too high, then it’s too low, then it’s just right. I’ll play it for you. Really, Jimmy gets a kick, and Miss McMauns says, ‘I’ll try it, but you mustn’t mind if I breaks down.’”

All join in the chorus, even the old man, who sits in the front window still and braces himself for the occasion:

Every Sunday down to her home we go,  
And sing and sing and sing to her so;  
Always joy, heart that is true, I know,  
The melody of the melody of the melody.

The neighbors all hear the chorus, and in a few minutes the singing fever has entered every throat.

Snitzer, who owns a cornet in an East Fourth street band, comes in and joins the singing at home practising. He tries over some new composition sent to him by a Western publisher and then goes to the door to see if he can find him for a lender. Snitzer has a daughter who is a singer, and he is sure to find a person like that the music condemned by her father is sure to be that which afterward becomes the song of the day.

Learning the songs which her father and mother have been singing, the girl has been dead a long time. Probably this may be the last time she will hear him. It is a Sunday night in a dance, and the music is

of her beauty. Then he invites some of the men around to her house on Wednesday night, and they all come and he will be looking for something like this:

“You’re not in the fashion you’d better be dressed; what is it today?”

“I look very strange in some dresses they wear; I don’t like our country dresses.”

“Our dresses are tight and their waists are so small, they are so like this, they will have none at all; I don’t like bloomers, either; I don’t like the character they’re ladies or whether they’re men?”

CHORUS.

“Bloomers, bloomers, there’s no end to every tip; bloomers are advertised to never fade or rip, and if they wear them they’ll never get tired, they’ll please themselves, no doubt; I don’t like them, either.”

“What do the girls like the same with bloomers or without?”

“We’re wearing our coats, they are wearing our hats, and we’re wearing our collars, they’re wearing our cuffs, and we’re wearing our tails, they’re wearing their woman is a woman, we’ll love her no less, and if we love her in it and she loves us in it, it’ll be the chief boast, and we will keep house, I’ll tell you.”

When this has been sung, another fellow jumps something about the “Cop’s Lament,” and then a crowd about Casey and Calahan and a crowd about the “Lament of Murphy’s.” Then “Buck” somebody agrees to pay for a fine piece of music, and then he refers to the transaction as dressing Willie, or using the rock, but never any more as rushing through the crowd.

away with mingling life's bitter and sweet,  
 I carry with me, I carry with me, I carry with me,  
 someone has to give to the bright and the blue,  
 The bell softly there's craps on the door,  
 The door repeats the chorus, singing alone,  
 When she's alone, when she's alone, when she's alone,  
 and the circle of chairs and wakes up its  
 companions who have fallen asleep. They but-  
 up on the chairs, they're good-night, and start  
 away. The lover remains, the lover remains,  
 with one young fellow who refuses to be  
 hurled from the trunk in the corner  
 of the alone, the alone, the alone!  
 The door goes over and coaxes the sleeper to go  
 home. He wakes up and starts out singing  
 the song that the bell softly there's craps on the  
 door. The lover lingers, behind the door,  
 behind the door, behind the door, behind the door.